

Wednesday May 14th

We took a small jag of hay down to John Lumber
 this morning on an improvised sack which Dad rigged
 by laying boards across the wagon box, as we didn't want
 to unload the manure spreader off our sack. When we
 got back from there we took some posts back around
 by the side road and left them in place where the fence
 was down with the intention of coming back at a future
 date to repair the damage done by the good Friday wind. We
 also took some material and fixed the old gate going into
 the gully off the road. We found the cattle all out of the
 far end of the gully and in the blue grass field so I took
 them back whole. Dad went up with the wagon, they were
 all there but the Artful Dodger and he was nowhere to
 be found, so this afternoon Dad and I went back to look
 for him. We went into the woods and saw there had been
 a lot of cows in there and after a little search found our
 missing calf in John Wess McBeid's place in the corner of the
 fence where he had walked and finding he could go no farther
 he stayed there, we chased him into the gully to the left till called
 for while we went over to Klippert's to borrow his post auger,
 the consequence was of course that we didn't do a thing all
 the afternoon and didn't get home till about five or after

we saw everything on the place from his oat field down to the
 baby. We saw some things off his farm too such as Charlie Butts
 colt which got an awful kick in the dots from its mother
 and Dave Lankins white heifer which was on the road and
 which was worth fifty dollars but he sold it for forty
 five, also Art Walker who was rolling on his corn ground.
 We had a very entertaining afternoon and enjoyed it
 much better than digging post holes. Tonight I went down
 to band practice Dick with me. Theaders Brown came up
 and entreated Walt to play "Wag" down upon the Lawrence River
 promising him some beer but Walt said he couldn't. I had
 tried to impress upon us as a bit of good advice that "We could
 borrow from a thief but not from a liar." Weather about the same

Thursday May 15th

Dad and I went back and fixed up most of the fence
 this morning. Mr. Ennis came along the side road
 and wanted to Dad to look at his horses teeth so Dad
 told him to come in at noon on his way back. He did and
 Dad floated them as the poor old horse's tongue was
 just about out in two. We also found when we got
 here at noon that Wyatt Waddle and his man Mr. Hillis
 were in the barn setting up the spreader. They got it.